

# **HOT DOG**

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

FEBRUARY 1922

PRICE

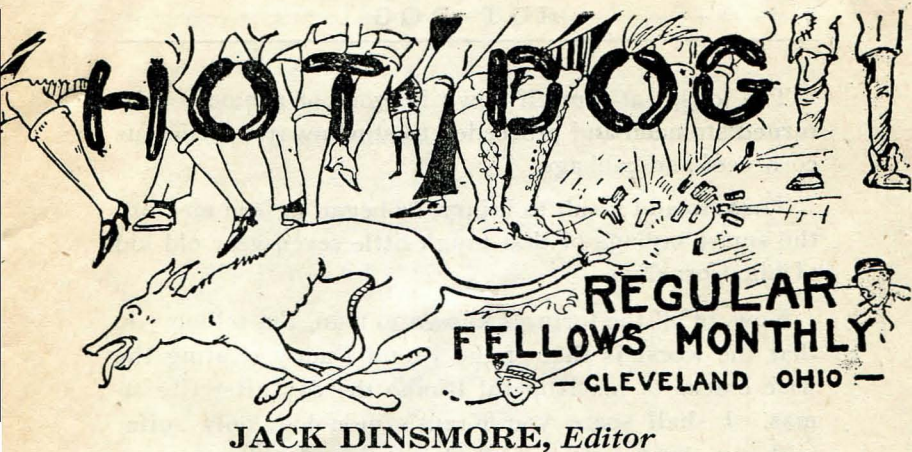
TWO BITS



**A HUMOROUS MAGAZINE WITH  
A SERIOUS PURPOSE**



**W**HAT has become of  
the old-fashioned  
girl who used to eat at  
home once in a while?



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### MERRY CHRISTMAS CORNELIUS

Well, brethren, Christmas is come and gone, and, even as all of ye, I am now in the process of wearing out the red neckties presented by the Dear Relatives.

In order to properly celebrate the Happy Yuletide and the Glad New Year I got drunk on December 23rd and stayed so until this day (January 4th) when my lady friend, Stern Necessity, caused me to roll into these premises to forge out the present consignment of Near Humor and Sweet Sentiment for you.

A half-hour after I sat down to work, my fat playmate, Councilman August Kraut came in and took me out to buy me a seidlitz powder and some lunch.

Kraut is always intolerable, but this particular noon he was the Living Death.



The louse sat himself down in front of my poor half-turned stomach and proceeded to stow away odoriferous corn beef and cabbage.

Then, to add insult to injury, he began to feed me with the smart sayings of that tough little seven-year old kid of his, Cornelius.

Now, of all the tortures known to man, I'm telling you that the worst is that of the Proud Daddy relating the wise cracks of his Hopeful Bimbo the day after Christmas. I shall spare you Kraut's monolog, only suffer with me, dear readers, while I repeat to you but one example of the sagacity of Cornelius.



As related by Kraut, the night before Christmas a neighbor's boy, desiring to play a joke on Cornelius,



went to a livery stable, picked something up from the floor of the stable, and deposited the pickings in Cornelius' Christmas stocking.

The next day Kraut asked Cornelius:

"Vell, sonny dear, vat did Santa Claus bring you?"

"I think it was a pony," replied Cornelius, "but he ran away."

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### SAYS WHICH

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#### A Krazypome by Mrs. Dingleberry

'Twas a nice October morning  
One September in July,  
The moon lay thick upon the ground  
The mud down in the sky,  
The flowers were singing sweetly  
The birds were in full bloom,  
I went down in the cellar  
To sweep an upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning  
On a Wednesday just at night  
I saw a thousand miles away  
A house just out of sight,  
Its walls projected backward  
The front was in the back  
It stood alone between two more  
And it was whitewashed black.

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The earth may not be flat, but the beer is.

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## ANOTHER BAD GUESS WHY GIRLS GO WRONG

## Music Blamed

## Jazzy Tunes Send Girls Wrong, Minister Says

By United Press

Chicago, Dec. 19, 1921—Jazz music is why girls go wrong, Rev. Philip Yarrow, head of the Illinois Vigilance Association, charged today.

"From the dance palaces of Chicago," said the Rev. Yarrow "from the dance rooms in country towns come girls whose entrance into the life of moral subnormality was accompanied by the music of the jazz orchestra."

The minister said his association in the last year had traced the downfall of 1000 girls to jazz music.

"Feeble-minded morality is the first result of the weird, neurotic strains of the so-called jazz orchestra," he said.



The poor Blue Law Bimbo—Narrow Yarrow!

He is dead from the navel both ways.

Like the other Bony Boys of his ilk, he thinks that the eager, lively, youthful things of life are wrong be-



cause he is too dried-up to appreciate them.

This is a great human mistake that is older than the pyramids.

It is the eternal funny tragedy of the hatred of the Poor-blooded for the Rich-blooded.

Moreover it is bad science.

Narrow Yarrow doesn't know any more about the science of acoustics than a nigger porter does about Transubstantiation.

As a matter of fact, jazz music is less incitive to immorality than the passionate, dreamy strains of the old-fashioned waltz.

My Great Uncle, in the year 1881, seduced a blond toe-dancer while doing the quadrille with her to the tune of "Believe Me When All Those Endearing Young Charms."

In my green and studious days, I used to read heavy volumes by German scientists examining the reason why the wailing music of Italy provoked the senses.

Not long ago I was in a movie show. The picture was that good old Methodist tear-squeezer, "Way Down East." The incidental music was "Darling I am Growing Older." And you ought to have seen the sweethearts smacking each other in the dark!

Jazzy music sensuous. Bunk, say I! There was more immorality in Paris in 1821 to the strains of the minuet, than there is in Chicago in 1922 to the strains of the Liv-



ery Stable Blues!

As we told you before, Dear Children, the Perverts of Prohibition are not in business to promote Morality, but to stifle Joy.

No wonder we who are joyful hate their guts!

J. D.

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### THE HANDY LOVER

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Mandy and Liza, two delicious colored wenches were holding a conversation.

Even like their white sisters, they were discussing the eternal subject of men.

Said Mandy to Liza:

"Does your Sambo gesticulate much when he makes love to you?"

"Explain yourself, Black Lady. That am a great big word, gesticulate. What do you all mean by that in plain nigger words?"

"Why, does he use his hands much?"

Oh, Mandy, Mandy, Lordy Goodness Sakes! Now you said something! Does he? Does he? I'll say he does!

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"I Never Cared for Liquor Till America Went Dry."

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## ATTABOY'S BULLY BREEZES

from Tia Juana, Mexico



Well Brothers, Hot Dog Devoured Tia Juana. Everything is running along here per schedule and everybody's enjoying the privileges granted them by the Constitution of the American Government so much that they have to go to Mexico to enjoy Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

The races opened early in the winter as was planned but personally I would of had more to be thankful for if the races had been postponed at least another day.

As Morvich wasn't racing I didn't know of anything sure to bet on in the way of a horse, so I took a tip from one of my best friends, that a certain horse named Moonlight was sure to win. But as soon as I had placed my bet



on Moonlight it turned cloudy, and so far nothing has been seen of Moonlight since she left the post. But she is expected in on the first clear night. So the only thing that I had to be thankful for was that I didn't bet any more than I did.

That night everybody celebrated the opening of the racing season, at a masquerade ball. It turned out to be just another race to see who could drink the most of their favorite brand. No winner has as yet been announced, as more than two-thirds of the crowd haven't sobered up yet.

I went in the costume of a doorkeeper. I hadn't been on the door very long when a beautiful young girl tried to get past me without any costume on whatever. I stopped her and said, "I'm sorry, Little Flapper, but you can't go in there unless you come in costume to represent some person or some object, the more simple the more effective."

"All right," chirped the young Chippie, "I'll get a make up on and be right back."

Sure enough in about five minutes, this Broad comes back and when I lamps her I get knocked for a Goal. For all this baby had on was a pair of black gloves and a pair of black shoes and a broad grin.

"How's this, Cuty?" she asks, "Is it simple enough for you?"

"No," I confess, "That beats me; what's the big idea?"

"Well, you poor Sap," she says, "I represent the Five of Clubs."

Believe me, Hot Dog fans, you ought to be in Tia Juana with your old playmate, Attaboy, now.



## ROBERT BURNS

The Regular Fellow Poet

Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

Burns has no rival in the art of singing the soul into song and setting the heart to music. His poetry is pure passion. Other lyrists are literary at their best; when Burns is literary he is at his worst.

His note falls like the note of the lark straight from the throat of life. It is not an imitation of life, but life itself running into laughter and tears.

Being life, it is not a grey moral thing, but a lovely riot of good that is not wholly good, and evil that is not wholly evil.

—JAMES DOUGLAS

Bobby Burns, the sweet singer of flowers and girls!  
The immortal laureate of Youth and the things that  
Youth loves—Wine and Wenches and Roses.

He was just a gay, good lad, hard-boiled and soft-boiled



by turns, just like you and I.

At a time when Scotland was overrun by thousands of sour clergymen preaching hellfire and by hundreds of warring religious sects who hated each other more than they loved God—there in the drab atmosphere of Eighteenth Century Britain sprang the unrivalled artist who made poetry not out of books but out of Life.

But more than that—wait. He wrote his verses not in the stodgy English of the court and the pulpit, but in the homely dialect of the lanes of Kerrymuir and the gutters of Glasgow.

Dear readers, Bobby Burns wrote SLANG. And he drank whiskey, plenty of it. Scotch whiskey, 120-proof. And, as to the sweet Highland Lassies—you know how free he was with them.

But then it has always been so. Poetry has ever sprung, not from the vestry room but from the alehouse.

Shakespeare was a foul-mouthed poacher and stage-door Johnnie. You remember his vindictive "If Lucy is lousy, then lousy is Lucy." Dante was a knife-fighter. Francois Villon, "le pere du nous tous," "the father of us all" as French poets call him, finished his life on the gallows.

In the good old days when religion was liberal, when Wine went with Worship, there were learned men of the church, friars and pastors who loved books and the tender things of the heart that are enshrined in books.

Said St. Thomas a Kempis: "Everywhere have I

sought Peace, but nowhere have I found it save in a corner with a book."

And do we not all remember the backrooms of saloons and the Old Soaks who used to congregate there? Many of these Soaks were post-graduates of the greatest universities and spouted Latin hexameters over their toddlers.

But it is in the rural districts, the backwoods where the Blue Law Dominie rules unchallenged, that the most swinish ignorance is to be found.

All the tenderness and all the recklessness of Life Militant and Youth Triumphant are to be found in the poems of Bobbie Burns. One day he writes a boisterous epitaph on a dead country evangelist like this:

Below these stanes lie Jamie's banes,  
O Death, it's my opinion,  
Thou ne'er took such a bletherin' bitch  
Into thy dark Dominion!

And the next day he writes the loveliest ballad in the English tongue:

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,  
Flow gently I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds through the glen,  
Ye wild, whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;  
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;



How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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### WHAT'S THE USE

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It was the driver of a van  
Who to his offspring said:  
"I'm just a rough-necked workingman  
Wot labors for his bread.

But you should learn to read and write  
Reform the world and sich,  
To wear clean shirts and talk polite,  
And some day you'll be rich."

And so the lad to school was sent,  
Where, as the years rolled by,  
He learned what Transmutation meant,  
And how to live to die

And presently he could discuss  
Such really highbrow themes  
As Differential Calculus  
And Freud on Foolish Dreams.

Meanwhile the rough-necked workingman  
With fond paternal joy

Continued driving of his van  
To educate his boy.

And often he would mop his brow  
And joyfully declare:  
"That kid o' mine ten years from now  
Will be a millionaire!"

Today the kid is keeping books  
At ten a week for pay,  
And from the way the outlook looks  
That's where he's going to stay.

And every morning he complains,  
In peevish tones and sad:  
"If I had brawn instead of brains  
I'd be as rich as dad!"

—James J. Montague

in "More Truth Than Poetry," published by Doran Co.

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Alcohol and vaseline are now the principal lines in the  
drug business.

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It's a long road that has no roadhouse.

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"I may have been a bad woman—  
but I was good company!"

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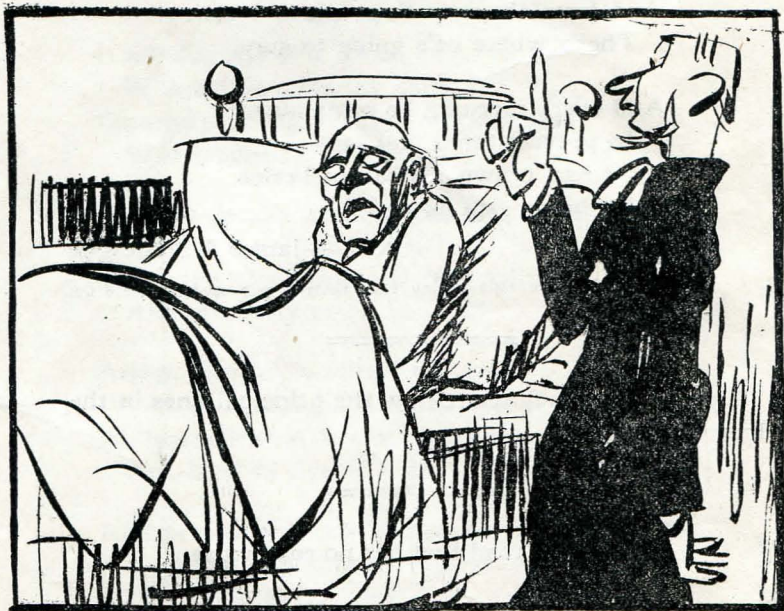
### MICKEY TOOK NO CHANCES

I went to a funeral the other day.

Now, kiddos, don't get me down as belonging to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Funeral Followers.

By no means is your little Editor like one of my ministerial friends who goes to funerals just for the ride.

In this case, it was the funeral of my good brother soak and years-old pal, Mickey McCloud.



Mickey died about two months ago at this writing, and he died happy. I'm wishing myself the same kind of a shuffle-off. He was over sixty years old; he had

seen a lot of the world; he had known both poverty and affluence; he had consorted much with women and liquor; most of all he was reconciled to death and he took the Great Plunge laughingly.

I was at his bedside just as the old boy was passing out. Fellers, you ought to have seen how gaily he took it.

Mickey's wife sent out for a preacher.

The preacher came and said: "My friend you had better renounce the devil."

"Renounce the devil," blurted Mickey, "pipe down on that stuff brother. I aint in no position to make any enemies right now."

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### TOAST

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Here's to the good young girls,  
Who often have been sung,  
Those valiant, virtuous pearls  
We're told to be among;  
Their praise is on my tongue,  
I boost the sweet, well-bred ones—  
But then, the Good die young—  
And who in hell wants dead ones?

—Ignatz

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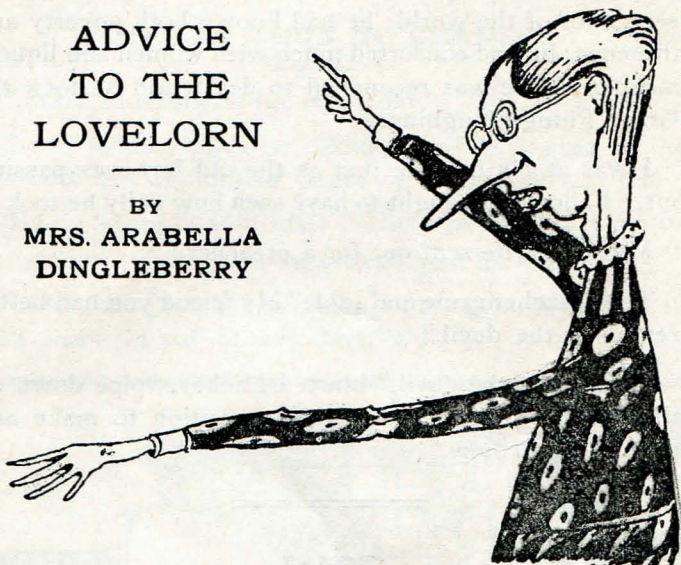
Little Ignatz's idea of the softest job on earth: Deck hand on a Submarine.

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# ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY  
MRS. ARABELLA  
DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is a woman's central attraction?—Danny Devil  
Her Soul.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How is hash made?—Sal Stew  
It isn't made. It accumulates.

\* \* \*

Regretful Rose: How could you?

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is the first thing a fat lady does when she enters a theatre on a hot day?

—Jack Jumpup.

She takes off her hat and pants.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry. I keep all my food in the cellar

in summer using no ice whatever. What do you think?  
Heaven loves a virtuous woman. —Mrs. Cooti.

\* \* \*

Sally Smush: He might!

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I'm a good girl. I am a wonderful actress. I have been at Hollywood for five years trying to break into the movies but without success. What do you think is the reason for my failure?

—Cleo Crummy.

The first sentence in your letter.

\* \* \*

Bereaved Bessie: Wasn't it worth it?

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am passionately in love with a young man and he spurns me. Please, please tell me how to win him.

—Mildred Muck.

Let his pal buy you silk stockings.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I go to an osteopoth twice a week to get tuned up and my mother disapproves of it. what do you think?

—Gertie Gump.

Read "Night Life in Paris," by Paul deKock and you won't need to go to the Osteopath.

\* \* \*

Buggy Bertha: Make him marry you or hook his watch.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am nineteen years old and have just married a millionaire aged seventy seven. What shall I do to make my marriage happy?

—Sallie Softstuff.

Move next door to a pool room.

\* \* \*

Delicious Dolly: Make him buy you the fur coat first.



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EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS  
ENGLISH ANECDOTE



Sir Eric Stonehenge-Buckingham was noted for his ready wit. In fact, many of the chroniclers of doings in the House of Commons during the Victorian period have recorded the unfailing incisiveness of his impromptus.

One day, during Gladstone's premiership, a fiery Liberal whip was putting the finishing touches to an eloquent speech in defense of Irish Home Rule.

"And what," rhetorically demanded the Liberal, "will be the result if we give Home Rule to Ireland?"

Sir Eric half rose from his bench and drawled:

"Sir, in that case, the Irish will govern themselves!"

Tories and Liberals alike shouted "Huzzah" in approbation of the excellent jest.

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THE WORKING GIRL AND THE GAS-HOUND

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A Heartrending Tale

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by Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genuis



It was a beautiful evening in the middle of February.

The sleet was pouring down like macaroni from an Organ Grinder's mouth. The slush was slushing underfoot.

Bertha Blooie, a sweet and virtuous maid of nineteen summers (more or less) was Walking the Dog. She had just left the Doughnut Foundry where she sweated for her Coffee And. She was on her way to her Modest and Inaccessible Hall Bedroom on Montmorency Street.

Bertha was a Good Girl. Of course, you know what a Good Girl is. A Good Girl is a girl who never has any Fun—as far as the neighbors know. Well, Bertha was a Good Girl.

Bertha's reputation for Virtue was known throughout the town. She wore Highneck Waists and Heavy Wool Underwear. She was the Leading Light of the Baracca Class. If one of the Gent Members of the Class dared to invite her to have a Banana Split she would Smack him in



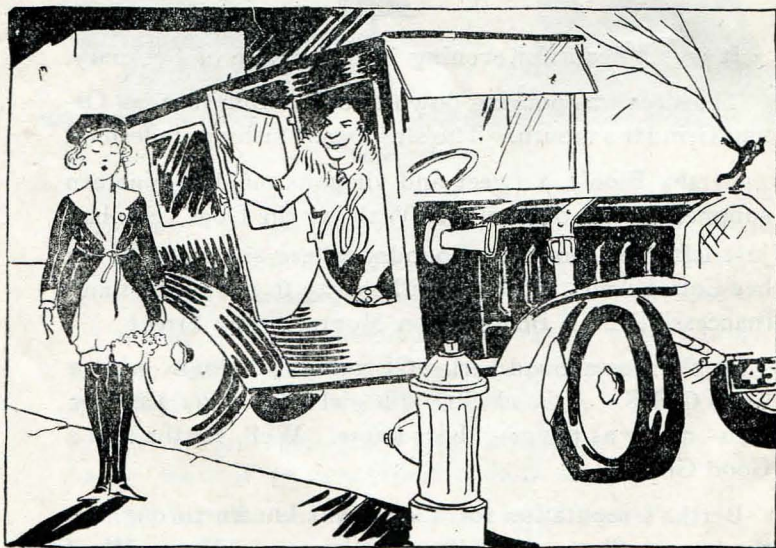
the Mouth. Then she would take the Pastor into a dark corner and tell him how she had Resisted Temptation. This would take an hour.

Bertha's favorite Indoor Sport was Resisting Temptation.

As we believe we said before, Bertha was a Good Girl.

Now a Good Girl never, of course, goes automobile riding with strangers.

But this was a dark and snowy night. It was seven miles from the Doughnut Foundry to Montmorency Street and Bertha had covered only three of the seven miles.



Along came Harold DeBawtch, Second Vice President and Comptroller of the Doughnut Foundry. He was chugging along in his Limousine.

"Bertha, my Dear," cooed Harold, "to be walking on such a snowy night. Come into my limousine and I will drive you home."

"Say Kookoo," replied Bertha, "maybe you haven't heard the old tale about the Spider and the Fly. But I have and the fable has soaked itself under my hairnet. Not for Li'l Bertha. I'd rather wiggle my Dogs and retain my Virtue."

"But my dear. Surely you would not suspect me, your employer, your friend, your fellow-member of the Baracca Class, of any Immoral Intentions. And besides, it's such a nasty night. Come in and I'll drive you home."

Alas, and alas. She got into the Limousine.

No sooner was the door of the Limousine closed, then DeBawtch put his foot on the gas and Forgot about the Speed Limit.

Sixty miles an hour they went. Away, away past Montmorency Street.

When they were five miles beyond the City Limits, Debawtch cracked his back teeth, stopped the car and said:

"Now, my Proud Beauty, you will Do as I Say or WALK BACK.

"I will not do as you say," said Bertha. I don't do them things!

"Then out you go!!"—and the Villain bounced her out on her ear.

Bertha started to walk. She walked and she walked.



The mud underfoot was as thick as Sediment in Home Brew. She began to cry.

Heaven intervened. When Bertha had covered about two miles, a Roadster came chugging along in her direction. The Roadster stopped.

A familiar face peeped out. It was Aubrey Van Roon, Third Vice President of the Doughnut Foundry.

"Why Bertha," purred Aubrey, walking on such a nasty night. Come into my car. I see you are going my way.

"No Van Roon," replied Bertha, "you shall not Roon me. I shall not Flop for your Sugarplum Line. I shall walk."

"But Honey, why walk? I've got plenty of gas and my Brakes are poor. Hop in. You know me, Cutie. I'm a Good Scout."

A sly smile overspread Bertha's features. Even Virtue has its resources. We shall see what we shall see.

Bertha climbed into the Roadster.

This Villain was like all Motor Villains of his ilk. No sooner had the Good Girl got into the car, then Aubrey took one hand from the steering wheel, put it around Bertha's waist and Stepped on the Gas.

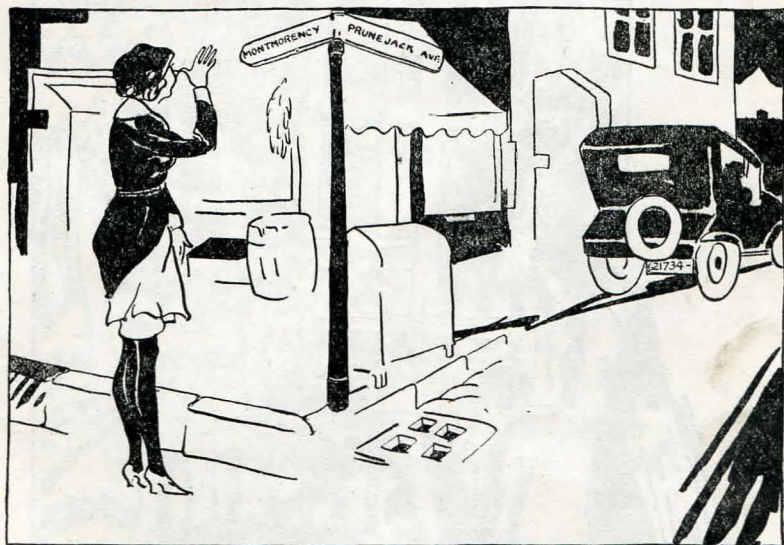
But, strange as it may seem, although Aubrey was Coping the Feels something outrageous, Bertha made no resistance and said not a word.

Not a word said she till she got good and ready.

When they had been riding about half an hour, Bertha was Good and Ready.

Without any warning, she opened her Gab.

"Van Roon, you Skunk," said she, "you low down Lin-gerie Hound. I believe you have Immoral Intentions to-ward me. Know then that they won't pan out any more than Czchekoslovak marks in Petrograd. If you are Af-ter Something in return for the ride—Buddy you're All Wrong. I'm a Good Girl, I am!!"



Allright, you Stingy Broad," sneered Aubrey, GET OUT AND WALK!"

Bertha got out.

A smile played all over her Buck Teeth.

For the signpost on the corner read MONTMOR-ENCY STREET.



## PILGRIMS

An Elegy to our Dead in France

by Robert W. Service



For oh, when the War will be over,  
We'll go and we'll look for our dead,

We'll go when the bee's on the clover,  
And the plume of the poppy is red;  
We'll go when the year's at its gayest,  
When meadows are laughing with flowers,  
And there, where the crosses are grayest,  
We'll seek for the cross that is ours.

And so, when the war will be over,  
We'll seek for the Wonderful One,  
And maiden will look for her lover,  
And mother will look for her son;  
And there will be end to our grieving,  
And gladness will gleam over loss.  
And—glory beyond all believing!  
We'll point—to a name on a cross.

(With acknowledgments to Barse & Hopkins, publishers)

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### SAID SHE TO HIM!

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We've oft been told by bluenose friars  
That wishing and the deed were one,  
That heaven punishes desires  
As if the deed were done.  
If that is true then you and I  
Are damned to heart's content  
So since at best we won't get by—  
Let's have some pleasure for our punishment.

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Lizzie McCarthy, our skinny stenographer ate an olive  
and the next day six men left town.

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Pola Negri in the Paramount Picture "The Last Payment"

Sensational has been the rise of Pola. She was born Paula Schwartz of a humble Jewish family in Poland. First as a dancer, then as a violinist, she vamped and tantalized the gay boys of the European capitals till she reached her present position—the most piquant cutie on the screen.

How'd you like to buy socks for her?

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**THE MOVIE RAMBLER**

---

by Harry McMurray

Somehow or other the deep-stuff daddies of the movies have lately annexed the bug into their acorns that we want Problem Plays with Morals.

Where do they get it?

As for me, I don't. Trot me a sweet patootie onto the screen with big goo-goo eyes; give me a plot with plenty of surprise situations and plenty of humor and I'm satisfied.

List to the titles of some of the recent confections: What Do Men Want? Why Girls Go Wrong. What Do Women Want?

Ha ha and hee hee. I know the answer without seeing the Drammer. So do you, kiddos. Hot Dog!

That reminds me that some time ago a Kansas City paper ran a prize contest for men offering \$5000 for the best answer to the question, "What is the best thing in the world?" The editor got 41,347 answers and they were all identically the same.

On the opposite page I am giving you a peep at Pola Negri, the new German vamp who has worked her way into my hard-boiled cardiac artery and grabbed a Half-Nelson on my heart.

Most of the furrin movies I haven't liked. Especially, the much-tooted Cabinet of Dr. Caligari was a frost. They told the family people from the suburbs that it was Art and the family people fell for the hokum and boosted.



But I found the Caligari picture pretty dull stuff. It was just a disconnected series of episodes.

But as to Pola. Oh Boy, what a mean pair of optics she wiggles!

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### IGNATZ AT THE HORNS OF THE DILEMA

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Dear readers, if you got your last month's Hot Dog late blame it on Little Ignatz, our Shipping Clerk.

The cove has been ambling about the warehouse lately with his lamps fixed yearningly on the stars.

The Dummy keeps repeating mysterious words.

First we thought he was in love. But that wasn't it. The truth petered out. Ignatz is studying Phrenology. He has absorbed the notion into his bamboo that he can learn to read your character from the bumps on your nut.

Having received some score of dirty letters from our newsdealers regarding late shipments, we made a trek out to the warehouse.

There was Ignatz, with the soulful look in his eyes, tossing a coin.

"Hey crum!" we yelped, "do you think the well-known Merit Pub. Co. is an Eleemosinary Institution? In other words have you annexed the sweet sentiment that we are paying you your beer money for nothing?"

"Well Boss," replied Ignatz, "it's like this. I've got a date with a neat rolled sock tonight and also my Phrenology examination comes tonight. I tossed the coin to decide where I'm going to go."

"How did the toss come out?" we asked him.

"Heads," tittered Ignatz. "I'm going to the Phrenology class."

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DEEP STUFF

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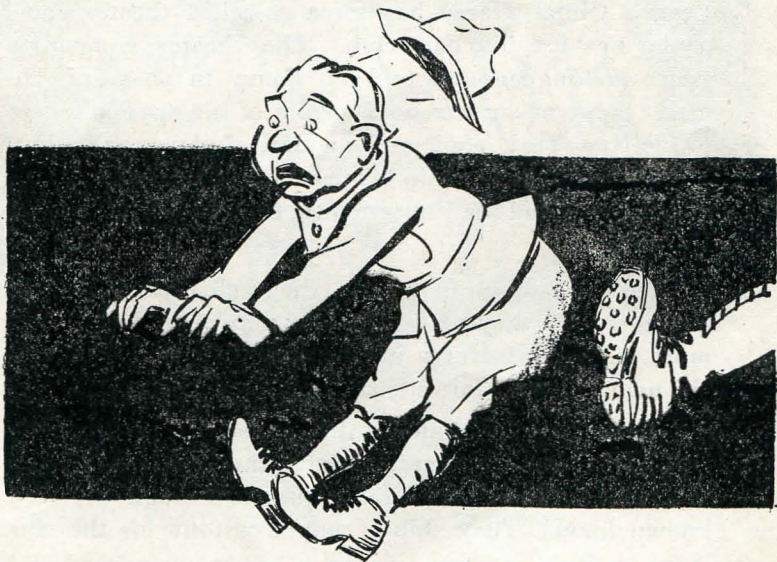
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The Profoundest Joke Ever Printed in Hot Dog

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You may have to ponder on this one for three months,  
but it's worth it.

The heroic spy tried five times to penetrate into the enemy's lines. Five times he was rudely booted forth, till the basement of his pants was deeply indented with enormous hoofmarks.



Picking himself up, and bravely starting up the guarded path for the sixth time, our hero murmured:

"My one regret is that I have but one \* for my country."



SPORT REVIEW

---

by Jazbo De Vinney

Just when a fellow is trying to forget the Bug known as Baseball, or the National Pastime and he thinks he has a whole outfit stored away in mothballs to overcome the occasional stink, it breaks out again like the measles. And there is an aitch of a row.

At this time about the most unpopular dude in the business is Harry Frazee, owner of the Boston American League Club. Harry has some so-called theater companies besides his ball club. The theater companies aren't making enough to keep Harry in postage. He needs jack and he lets go a couple of his swell pitchers to the New York Yankees for a slew of gloves and a bat. Then he arranges to ship his first baseman, Stuffy McInnis, to Cleveland for Elmer Smith, George Burns and Joe Harris.

Then the fans up in Boston, they yell Bloody Murder and they say they ain't going to play with Harry any more. They say Harry just roined their Ball Club and the name of their fair city as a baseball village.

The racket is as plain as the bulge on a bootlegger's hip. The New York moguls have the Big Idea. They say "Boo" and Mister Frazee jumps through the well known hoop. They ship a coupla castoffs for the star

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Be sure to observe Arbor Day this year. Remember  
Wood Alcohol comes from the trees.

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pitchers. Then they let him send McInnis away for Smith and Burns and Harris. They know that if they need any hitters all they need to do is to reach over into Boston and grab Smith, Burns or Harris and Frazee won't have nothing to say. He don't dare.

It's a great racket if you are hep; Cleveland to Boston to New York.



So there you see where the old 1922 pennant will flicker over the Polo Grounds for the Yanks again. The Bank Roll talks and it is talking Turkey to Frazee.

But what about the Dude who kicks in every afternoon all summer long to get in to see a flock of bums run

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The Girl I Left Behind Me is Away Ahead of Me Now.

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around the bases? What are they slipping him? You don't read of any rush to cut down the price of admission to help nurse along the dwindling bank roll of the Bloke who stands in line at the turnstile every day. Nix, nix, He pays and pays big and then the Mogul tosses away his dough in the winter for bushers and to keep from paying the war tax on excess profits. Yea, verily, it is a great racket if you are hep.

Anyhow there are a couple of more months to go yet before the National Scandal breaks loose again on the greensward and the poor hicks fall over themselves to get a chance to plank down their dough for ducats for the opening shame.

Old man Barnum was not so far wrong when he said there was one born every minute. He meant second instead of minute for My Gawd they sure do multiply fast.

So, old boy, you can dig down for a few berries for your morning paper and be bunked all winter on the operations of the Financial Giants who back the national pastime. Past is good. And then when the good old Spring time rolls around the noble athletes will be cackling over their own particular band of spavins and win right then and there the old pennant. It is done every spring.

So stand in line boys and don't shove.

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Headline from the Brownsville, (Tex). International Gazette.

Two American Girls Attacked Below the Border

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PROHIBITION  
—is the *Milk* of  
Human Kindness  
turned Sour



# *Hotter and Bigger!*

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DEAR HOUNDS:

The next (March) number of the Dog will be very much enlarged in size.

Your regular-fellow reception of the first six numbers has so filled in the hollows in my Pants that I can afford to be generous.

Also, I have unearthed some swell new talent, fresh from the bushes.

Also, since the Dog has become such a success, I have been shoving vittles into my mush regular, with the result that the inspiration flows more freely than it did in the skinny days of yore. A little hot stuff of my own will be on tap besides that of the Stalwart Staff.

I think the March number of Hot Dog will be the Cats Whiskers right. The best yet.

So, on or around the 20th of the month, sleep near your news stand.

JACK DINSMORE, Editor